Prin. Faith, tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of *England*, but he would make you beleeve it was done in fight, and perſwaded us to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeven yeares before, I bluſh to heare his monſtrous devices.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeares ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Poin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken,

Enter Falſtaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Heere comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bones. How now ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

Falſ. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeeres (*Hall*) I was not an Eagles tallon in the waſte: I could have crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man up like a bladder. Ther's villanous news abroad, here was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your father: you muſt goe to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the divell his true liegeman upon the Croſſe of a Welſh-hook; what a plague call you him?

Poy. O *Glendower!*

Fal. *Owen Glendower*, the ſame, and his ſonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly *Scot* of *Scottes*, *Dowglas*, that runs a horſebacke up a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with a piſtoll killes a Sparrow flying.

Falſ.

Falſ. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he never the Sparrow.

Falſ. Well, that raſcall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

Prin. Why; what a raſcall art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Falſ. A horſe-backe (yee Cuckoe) but on foote he will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, upon inſtinct.

Falſ. I grant ye, upon inſtinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blue Caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the news; you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this civill buffeting hold, we ſhall buy mayden-heads as they buy Hobnayles, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Maſſe, Lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like we ſhall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hall*, Art not thou horribly afeard? thou being Heire apparent, could the world picke thee out three ſuch enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſprite *Percy*, and that divell *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afraide? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſ. Well, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow, when thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe love me, practiſe an anſwere.

Prin. Do thou ſtand for my Father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Falſ. Shall I? content: this Chaire ſhall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhin my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a joynd ſtoole, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falſ. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved. Give me a cupp of Sacke, to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I have wept: For I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyſes* veine.